

March

SENIOR BOOSTER

JANUARY
1922



Class History

By BERNICE MATTHEWS

A registered letter—and from whom is more than I can say. I just must read it before I do another thing. . . . It feels pretty heavy! From Eunice Cassidy. Oh! she was a member of my graduating class in January, '22. Now, I remember! I haven't heard from her for an age. She finds a little red book on which is written, "Diary of My Senior Year," by Mildred Whitted. (Looks at the little book hurriedly, but eagerly.) I wonder how this happened to be here. I'll read the letter and see.

"Chattanooga, Tenn., June 25th, 1933.

"Dear Bernice: I suppose you are quite surprised to hear from me, aren't you? I just attended an auction sale here and one of the things to be auctioned was a huge trunk, which aroused my curiosity as soon as I saw on the inscription plate the name of Mildred Whitted, one of my former classmates. I could hardly believe I was seeing the name of my dear old pal, Mickey. I was so anxious to see what the trunk contained that I was willing to pay almost any price to get it. No one else in the crowd seemed as curious to know its contents as I, so I secured it at a figure of only five dollars. I controlled my curiosity until I reached home. Upon reaching home I eagerly examined its contents, and in the midst of various personal things, such as a lip-stick, also a book on 'How to Have a Winning Personality,' and another book on 'How to Become a Successful Candy Saleswoman,' I found a little red book entitled, 'Diary of My Senior Year,' by Mildred Whitted, which I am enclosing. I just couldn't wait any longer to send it to you.

Yours sincerely,
"EUNICE CASSIDY."

Diary of My Senior Year

By MILDRED WHITTED

January 18th, 1921—Well, this term has started and it has started with some pep, too, 'cause now there is a new senior class that is just bubbling over with activities. We seniors had a get-acquainted party in the Gym today at roll call. The party was very successful, even as to getting acquainted. Russell Stotts had thought out a novel plan in order that we might get acquainted with each other.

March 8th—It is rumored among the seniors that we are going to have our first meeting Wednesday at roll call. I just wonder what it will be like. I think we are going to organize the class.

March 10th—Well, we have had our first senior meeting today in Room 30. We adopted the same constitution of all other loyal senior classes of Manual. First of all, we did our duty by electing the best officers a senior class ever had. Now, just listen: Harry Biersdorfer was elected president, Mary Johnson was elected vice-president, Jean Gregg was elected to keep the minutes of this class, and Harold Huff was elected to see that none of the money in the class treasury was begged, borrowed or stolen.

March 12th—Can you imagine it, Harry Biersdorfer, our honored president, came to school today with his shoes unshined, and then accused May Brennan of stepping on them. Wasn't that just like Harry?

March 16th—Leonard Kord and Helen Kirkpatrick seem to be so interested in each other's lessons—I can't imagine why.

March 17th—Thursday. My, we had a high time today selecting our class color. Some wanted gold and some wanted lavender, but of course, American Beauty, the prettiest of all, was chosen. Although some members of our class (not mentioning any names) were greatly opposed to this bright color because of some of our predecessors having chosen it; there were no hand-to-hand fights, injuries or casualties.

March 23rd—Wednesday. We had another class meeting today, but we didn't accomplish very much. Miss Knox gave Harry orders to appoint the Ivy Day committees and I think that's all we did. Oh, yes, I almost forgot, Arthur Mills led the class with some snappy yells before we adjourned. We sure put some pep into them, too.

April 8th—We had an unexpected meeting today and we talked about an unexpected thing. The color committee was unable to obtain American Beauty ribbon at any of the stores, so they wanted our opinion on the subject. Since light cerise was so near the shade of American Beauty, we decided to take that for the class color.

April 11th—Monday. The June class had their Ivy Day today and the exercises were fine, but the dancing in the Gym afterwards was better. Everyone had a grand time, but just wait till the January, '22 class gives a party and then you will hear some remarks.

April 12th—The boys selected the butterfly rose for class flower—Sh—don't tell anyone—but I think I know why they selected it; they knew it signified gracefulness and thought that was one way of attaining it.

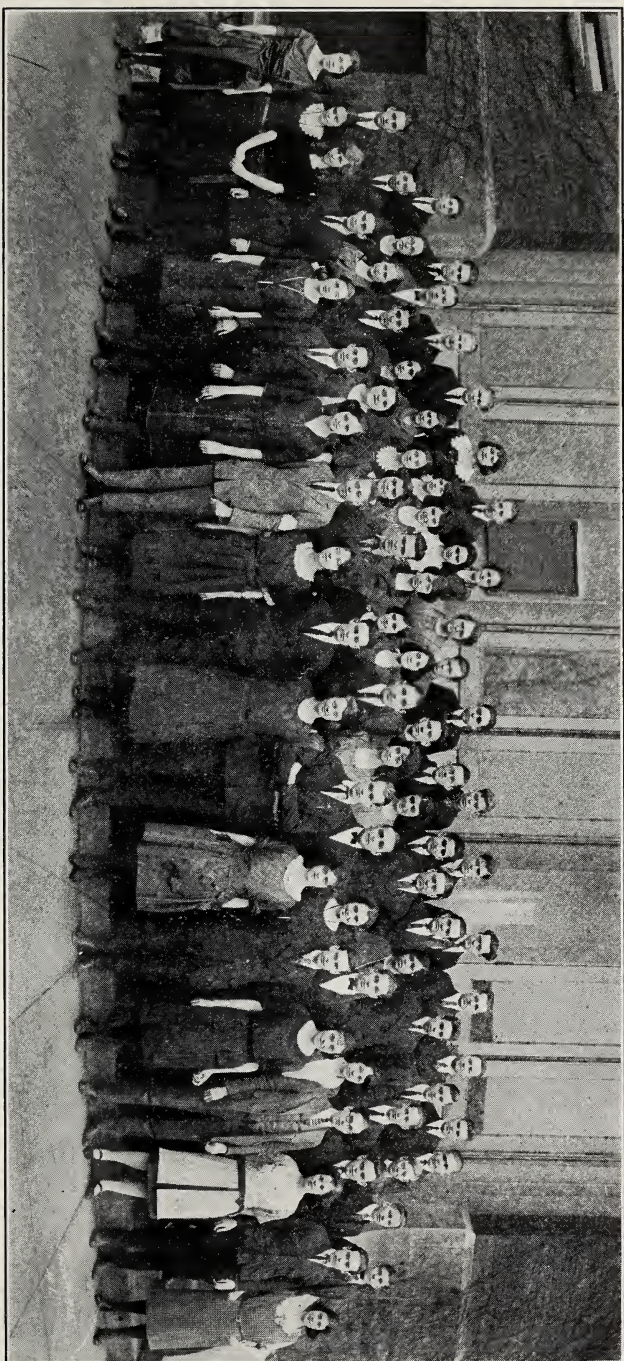
April 29th—Friday. Poor Mary, she had to take charge of the meeting today because Harry forgot to come to school. We selected our class pin design, which was made by Charles Hagemier.

May 18th—There was much discussion in the meeting today, but very little was accomplished. Miss Knox suggested that we think over our Ivy Day plans during our summer vacation period.

May 30th—I have been to the races and I am just dead tired. Tommy Milton won first prize. I am so sleepy I can write no more.

June 11th—School is over; no more lessons, no nothing, no more fun until September 6th.

Continued on back cover (inside).



THE JANUARY 1922 CLASS

NAME	NICKNAME	NOTED FOR	APPEARANCE	AMBITION
Helen Auerbach	Cutie	Dancing	Individuality	Seamstress
Louise Altum	Lou	Winning Ways	Adorable	Movie Star
Bertram Barker	Kewpie	Flirting	Prosperous	Millionaire
Irvin Baumbach	Dutch	A—	Rambling	Grow a Moustache
Harry Beirsdofer	Bearse	Wisdom	Dignified	Bachelor
Maurice Bowers	Maurie	Shiny Hair	Good Looking	Stage Manager
Ethel Buchanan	Ethie	Timidity	Wise	Circus Rider
Mae Brennan	Bren	Eyes	Quiet	Governess
Raymond Cassidy	Ray	Tact	? ? ?	Veterinarian
Emmie Cassidy	Emmie	Shyness	Reserved	Kindergarten Teacher
Alice Caveny	Alec	Sweet Voice	Heart and Sweet	Live in Franklin
Dorothy Colles	Dot	Smiling	Subdued	Chorus Girl
Edward Cruse	Eddie	Gab	Kind	Professor
Pauline Chastain	Paul	Curls	Sweet	Actress
Scott Dill	Pickle	Spectacles	Lengthy	Minister
Lucille Dickman	Dick	Sensibility	Snappy	Nurse
Esther Dobrowitz	Dob	Black Hair	Indescribable	Store Model
Paul Ebaugh	Professor	Solid Geom.	Quiet	Find a Girl
Elmer Elder	Blondy	Football	Solemn	Auctioneer
Norma Ernsting	Norm	Spit Curls	Vampish	Norma Talmadge
Austin Gillespie	Austi	Monkey Shines	Cute	Traffic Cop
Helen Glyn	Inez	Talking	Small	Giggles
Jean Gregg	Bones	Heart-breaking	Kissable	Marry a Single Man
Matthew Giesler	Bones	Fouls	Spiffy	To Graduate
Charles Hagameir	Charley	Smartness	Unusual	Decorator
Wanda Haversham	Havie	Brilliance	Deep	Authoress
Loretta Helmeth	Retta	Cleverness	Lonely	Chum
Harold Huff	Hurrie	Attractive Ways	Dude	Angel
Mary Johnson	Buzz	Sweet Smile	Heroic	Happy
William Kellermeyer	Bill	Length	Graceful	movie Actor
Leonard Kord	Len	Action	Wide Awake	Aviator
Delver Landers	Del	Trig	Peaceful	Street Cleaner
Lawrence Leonard	Slow	Promptness	Coming Young Man	Get a Job
Lewis Levi	Louie..	Blinking	Affectionate	Run a Second-hand Store
Chester Lively	Chet	Grim	Quiet	Undertaker
Wanda Lyday	Toots	Giggles	Willowly	Famous Writer
Essie Long	Shanty	Actions	Appealing	Flower Girl
Eugene Manker	Gene	Mum	Unique	Intimate With a certain young lady
Harry Martin	Cukoo	Romantic	Imposing	Buy a Flivver
Arthur Mills	Art	Yelling	Shy	Garbage Man
Bernice Mathews	Betty	Dimple	Lovable	Married
Bernice Miller	Bernie	Timidness	Slight	Dressmaker
Helen Murphy	Lennie	Getting Things	Capable	To Manage Someone
Ella Neal	Elli	Reserved	Nice	Hair Dresser
Homer Phillips	Flips	Disposition	Classy	Barber
Ursul Percy	Ursie	Poetry	Studious	Minister's Wife
Harry Rall	Harcut	Dignity	Intelligent	Lawyer
Elmer Rohman	Roar	Marcel	Stylish	Floor Walker
Herman Rundberg	Rummie	Dancing	Sarcastic	Dancing Master

Carolyn Richeson
Lucille Roessner
Harry Schriebe
Harold Sherman
Russell Stotts
Edward Stultz
Gabrella Segal
Charlotte South
Earl Schnepf
Carl Schnultz
Josephine Stone
Frances Schatz
Albert Tegeler
Ernest Thomas
Elizabeth Tynan
Edward Underwood
Charles Thiem
Lillian Unger
William Waits
Louis Wides
Harold Wilkins
Maude Walther
Mildred Whitted
Jeanne Wilson
Allen White
Ralph York

Carrie
Lilly
Lonzo
Shorty
Breechouse
Ed
Gabbie
Lottie
Shorty
Schultz
Jodie
Fran
Ernie
Betty
Ed
None
Lill
Billyum
Louie
Wilk
Walt
Mid
Celeste
White
Yorky

Artistic
Ear Rings
Pompadore
Jokes
Eyebrows
Saxaphoning
Black Eyes
Good Nature
Aloofness
Goggles
Height
Talking
Arguing
Being on Time
Attractiveness
Helpfulness
Gift of Gab
Typing
Being Crushed
Being Taciturn
Manner
Sweetness
Brilliance
Hair Dress
Wit
Dates

Sparkly
Stately
Overgrown
Innocent
Unwieldy
Rapper
Type
Pleasant
Likeable
Stern
Tall
Distinguished
Slight
Negative
Stunning
Tall
Wild
Cutie
Lanky
Handsome
Nifty
Slender
Charming
Dainty
Abstracted
Harmless

Certain Young Man
Make a Perfect
Babe Ruth Second
Preacher
Teach Trig
Conductor Circle Orchestra
Stenographer
Opera Singer
Conductor
Senator
Slender
Teacher
To Be Wesley
To Marry a Single Girl
Society Belle
Bell Boy
Reporter
World's Champ
Shoe Shiner
Manager Star
Shoe Clerk
Trained Nurse
Teacher
Designer
Acrobat
Mayor

Our

Mr. Ma Thews
Mr. Smit Hew
Miss Ebb Hert
Miss Frazier
Miss R. A. y
Miss C. omb
Mrs. D. U nning
Mr. Schel L
Miss Wen T z
Miss Thorne Y er
Miss L. O cke
Mr. Mof F at
Mr. Cover T
Mr. H irschman
Miss Whe E ler

Mr. Bann En
Miss M ering
Miss Cole M an
Mrs. Ali E
Mr. Ba R nhart
Mr. Coll I ns
Miss Hen C h
Mr. S H arp
Miss M oore
Miss B A ss
Miss Kee N e
Mr. Y U le
Miss H A ynes
Mrs. Tul L er
Mr. C R ickney
Mr. S A nders
Mrs. H I ser
Miss Eva N s
Mr. Mill I kan
Miss Lewma N G
Mr. McClur

Miss Re H m
Mr. Clun I e
Mr. Wei G ler
Mr. H iser
Miss Edmund S on
Miss S C haefer
Miss S H aw
Miss O dell
Mr. M orrison
Miss E L ston
Mr. Crossian D
Mrs. B U schell
Mr. Kella R
Miss Le I ber
Miss Perki N s
Miss Helmin G
Mr. Hollowa Y
Miss Wad E ms
Miss Willi A ms
Mr. J. Sha R p

Mr. Eva N s
Miss I zor
Capt. McLe N don
Mr. Dav E nport
Mr. Ma T her
Miss Vand E nbrook
Miss W E dding
Mr. Ha N ske
Miss Comp T on
Miss W est
Miss Isk E N
Mr. Ammerma T hale
Miss Brad Y
Mr. VanD O rn
Mr. Mo N ey
Mr. Moor E
Miss D A vis
Miss Kirkma N
Miss An D rus

Faculty

Miss Erns T
Mr. S W anson
Miss Ki E ss
Miss K N ox
Miss Schwar T zkoph
Miss Barr Y
Miss Griffi T h
Miss W yman
Mr B O ck



THE BOOSTER

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EDITORIAL

At last the goal is reached. For four eventful years Seniors have been struggling to reach that coveted white line. At times they have slipped and fallen, but all have survived and are now ready to start out on the ship of life. And this ship is no joke, either. If you run on the rocks, your life is spent. You can be classed as a failure or a success. It all depends on the way the individual guides his ship. In the few years of high school life Seniors probably think that he or she has seen real life. But this is not so. School life is nothing compared with the experiences that are met later on. It has been said by a reliable authority that going out into the world to fight life's battles is the best college education a person can possibly obtain. It won't take so very long for the majority of us to discover that this is true.

While we pause on the threshold we should give the old school one more thought, for on the morrow we will be one of the many millions of insignificant beings on this great earth. Some of us or rather the greater number of us, have done something to further the activities in the school. In this manner we have become known throughout the school and in time others look up to



Senior Sez

Since the past and future of the Seniors is published let's get ready for the new term.

We'd be tickled to read later on that our basket team had got started.

All good Seniors subscribed for the Booster for next semester. Nothing like keeping in touch with your friends.

Class books were not so predominant this semester. Prices must have raised.

Class Day has come and has gone. Every year still the same.

The Seniors wish for Captain Harmeson a victorious team in the sectional. Only way to get this Harmey. Make 'em train.

Bet Stuart Walker envies us with our all star cast.

Miss Perkins, as usual, deserves all the thanks that can be given to her for making the plays a success.

Now that the Seniors are going, the office can rest for a spell.

One thing we regret. The new building won't see us. Nor will we see the new building.

Who knows but what our president may be a real one some day.

There will be plenty of jobless men when the Seniors leave.

us as a fitting example for them to follow. But now this is all past. You may visit the school some day, but everything will seem different. Here and there a person recognizes a former graduate, but it isn't like it was in the past. It's too bad Seniors, but we must face it. There are greater difficulties to be encountered. Make your friendships with the school a sacred one and always dwell with reverence on thoughts of the best days of your life—school days at good old Manual.



BY WANDA LYDAY

When Alla Axiom resigned his position as Crystal Gazer, I made a study of the work and became his successor. One day, while idly gazing into the Crystal I saw events and incidents of the January '22 Class which astounded me! I could clearly see a studio on E. Washington street with the name Madame Charlotta Ze South blazing about it. My old friend, Charlotte, had become a toe dancer. Farther down the street was a Hash House run by Maurice Bowers; out in front of which were Lawrence Leonhardt, William Quill and Francis Schatz dishing out samples of the hash to those passing by. As I watched, I saw William Watts walk up and take a spoonful. He immediately swooned and a crowd collected. Approaching the stricken William, I saw a burly policeman, formerly Matty Giesler, jostling his way through the crowd as if he were still on the basket ball floor at Manual. Before he could reach the unconscious form, a dapper looking gent approached and slipped a card into the patient's cold hand which bore the name of Doctor (Harold) Huff. An ambulance drew up and I perceived the driver to be the dainty Harry Schricte. Two waiters skipped gayly out with the stretcher. They were Allen White and Edward Underwood. Back of them I saw Helen Glyn and Alice Caveny, the nurses, in lavender uniforms, carrying little parasols to match.

The scene changed and I saw a theatre with the names of Irvin Baum-bach and Pauline Chastain in electric lights. They were playing on the stage as "The Kandy Kids." Strolling past the theater came Karl Schnep and May Brennan. They were discussing the fortunes of their old classmates. "Whatever became of Chester Lively?" asked Karl. "Oh, you mean 'Pest,' why he is a minister now. He and Mary Johnson eloped right after graduation. They are living down in Brown county." "Do you remember Eugene Manker and Carolyn Richeson? They seem doomed to a life apart for Eugene was adopted by a millionaire who changed his name to Toots, while Carolyn married our class joke, Ralph York."

They passed on and I saw Raymond Cassady and Eunice Cassady in a serious discussion. It seems that Raymond had discovered Eunice to be his long-lost sister, Jezebel, and they were now united in a search for the Fourth Dimension. A newsboy came running past shouting that Albert Tegeler had won the game for the New York Giants. On the front page I saw a picture of our Class Vamp, Lucille Roesener and her husband. The victim was Edward Cruse. Over in the Society Column was an announcement of Herbert Ally's engagement to a certain Miss in the June Class.

Out of the theatre where the "Kandy Kids" were playing, came Margaret Vitz and Loretta Helmuth. They said that it was almost as good as the Class Play, "Nevertheless," and that led to a discussion of their Class in general. "Have you seen Helen Murphy, recently," inquired Loretta. "The last I heard of her she was engaged to Harry Martin." "Why," answered Margaret. "She broke her engagement once—they say she was jealous of Harry's attentions to Bernice Miller—but now they are engaged again. Jeanne Wilson had her fortune told the other day. The woman said that she should beware of April 1, 1925, for then she would have to choose between happiness and Delver Landers. I heard that Jeanne is very excited over it." "Is that so?" said Loretta. "You would hardly know Austin Gillespie any more. He has become so pious that he can scarcely speak." The two girls jumped aside just in time to escape being hit by Elmer Rohrman's banana cart, and I lost sight of them in the crowd. It was then

Continued on page 12



We, the members of the January, 1922, Class of the Charles E. Emerich Manual Training High School of the City of Indianapolis, being of sound mind and memory, and in good health, do make, publish and declare this our last will and testament in the following manner:

First—We give our heartiest thanks to our class sponsor, Miss Knox, for the never failing interest she has taken in the class.

Second—We bequeath to the June Class all those teachers who have made us the learned people that we are.

Third—We leave to the yell leaders all the pep and enthusiasm of the January Class, to be used at all Manual Contests.

Fourth—We bequeath to those left behind, the new building, which we will enjoy only as alumni.

Fifth—We give to the school all the athletic clothes worn by our famous athletes, so that other athletes of note may wear them.

Sixth—We give Wanda Lyday's inspirations to the June Class prophet so that he may decide the destiny of their Class.

Seventh—We bequeath to the June Class the wonderful day, in which we had to plant our Ivy.

Eighth—We will to Gustave Nees the formula for making the famous MANUAL BEANS.

Ninth—We give to the school one million dollars (\$1,000,000) to be used in forwarding the plans and objects of the Janitors' Union.

Tenth—We leave Miss Perkins a book on "Dramatic Work" as a reward for the services she rendered the class.

Eleventh—We leave to some other capable worker, Ralph York's place as Booster Agent, in which he has done his work well for five successive years.

Twelfth—We give Wallace Reid's Charm School, in which Wall Flowers will learn how to dance without having shakey knees and blushing faces.

Thirteenth—We give and bequeath to the office one hundred dollars (\$100) to buy books for those who sit in the office chairs to pass away the time, while awaiting their fate.

Fourteenth—We will to Horace Storer the Class President's place in the auditorium, so that he, too, may make famous speeches as ours did.

Fifteenth—We leave to Mr. Sanders the memory of the excuses he wrote for the January Class.

Sixteenth—We give, devise and bequeath five thousand dollars (\$5,000) to Bud Fisher, so that he may make further studies in the science of drawing, in order to compete with Carolyn Richeson and Leonard Kord.

Seventeenth—We leave to the school the memory of the January Class, which always pushed for a bigger and better E. M. T. H. S.

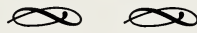
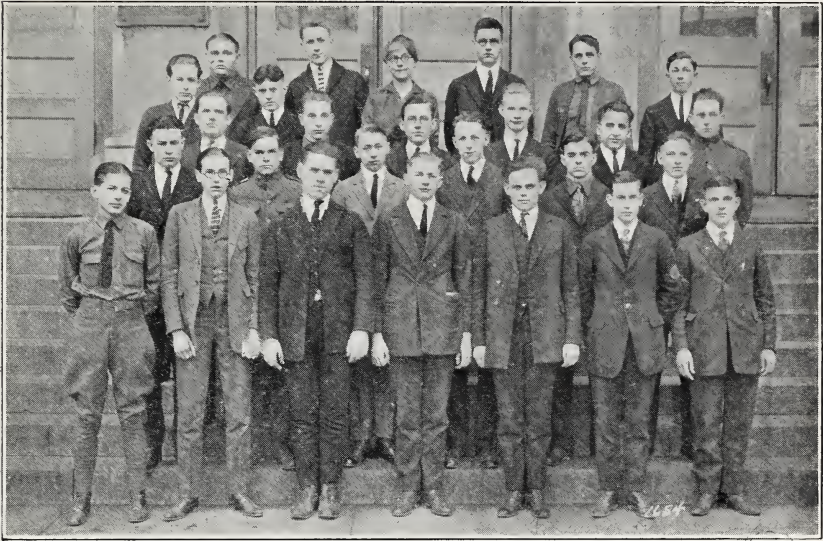
Eighteenth—We appoint Mr. McComb executor of this our last will and testament.

In witness whereof, we have hereby subscribed our name this 25th day of January, in the Year of Our Lord, 1922.

Signed

HOMER PHILLIPS, Will Maker.

The Roines Club



The Masoma Club





President



Our Secretary



Lucille Roesener

Mis' Trot
in Class
Play



"Buddies"

Our
Society
BELLE

Class Sponsor



The "Tri"

"EVANS"

OUR
AUTHORESS



Girl in
Never-
the-
less.



One
of
our
young
athletes



Track
and
Football

ne Chastain



Art Mills

Elmer Elder



ERBERT
ALLEY

OUR

OH
BOY!



V
I
C
E
P
R
E
S.



ELMER

ROHRMAN



MAURICE

BOWERS



The
TURKEY

OH
BOY!

Our Classy Chatter

BY ALLEN WHITE

"Look, Austin, there's Louise Altum over there in the corner crying like a baby, can you beat that?"

"I certainly can't," said Austin as he approached Louise. "But it seems as if someone has tried to beat Louise."

"Well," replied Lucile Roesener, as she posed before the mirror, "she better be getting herself ready, that's all. It's nearly time to go on the stage."

"Listen, Louise," spoke Austin in sympathetic manner. "What's the trouble, don't you feel well enough to act tonight?"

Louise sobbed all the more until she boldly dried her tears and tried to look into Austin's handsome face.

"Y-y-you know, A-a-austin, I l-l-love --- --- Oh-h-h-h It hurts, it hurts, I tell you --- --- Boo-o-o-o H-o-o-o."

"My gracious," exclaimed Helen Murphy, putting her motherly arms around Louise. "You don't mean to tell me you're sick. There, there, let me dry those naughty tears and powder your face. If Harold Sherman saw you now he wouldn't let you play the part of his wife. Hurry now, it is almost time to play."

Again Louise strove to brace herself and dry her weeping eyes, but it was all in vain.

"H-H-Helen I been h-h-here nearly f-f-four years and in that t-t-time I-I-I've learned to l-l-love --- --- Oh, Boo-o-o-o Ho-o-o-o."

"Lucile, you better run and find Miss Perkins. This child is either love sick or looney. Hurry and tell one of the janitors to bring a mop, my feet are soaking wet."

Lucile ran and Louise continued to cry.

"Maybe she's hungry," suggested Jean Gregg.

Just then Miss Perkins dashed into the property room followed by Lucile.

"What's up? Why Louise, my dear child, are you sick?" cried Miss Perkins as she approached Louise.

Just as quick as one could stop the water flowing from a hydrant Louise seemed to stop crying and sat rigidly in her stool looking boldly into the eyes of Miss Perkins while the rest of the actors looked on in amazement.

"Miss Perkins," stammered Louise as she mustered up courage. "Ever since I have been to Manual I have learned to admire and to love this little Auditorium with its tiny stage and initial-carved seats and now it is to become a memory and a happy reflection to us who are about to depart from the school. And as I sat here tonight waiting for the time when the last play will be given I thought, too, that ours is the last Class play to be given in this grand old Auditorium. Oh it is thrilling, and it is sad to think of it. I love it and I hate to part from it even though the new one will be a much better one. Oh, it's like losing a dear friend, Oh-h-h-ho --- --- and again she burst into a stream of tears, but not by herself. Mercy sakes, no. Everyone present was sobbing and it was quite a while before they quit.

* * * * *

"Pop, what's that pin on your coat for?"

"That pin, my son, I have worn ever since I left Manual Training High School, the school I expect you to graduate from some day. It is my class pin and was designed by Charles Hagemier. The rising sun symbolized our class, which was beginning to rise upon the sea of life."

"Did it set upon the Dead Sea?"

"Ah, my boy, members of that class are scattered all over the world now."

"Did a cyclone strike it? Pop, who is this Charles Hagemier?"

"John, Mr. Hagemier is worth millions, and he's got a wife who can cook better than any stove."

"How did he get his millions? The war is over."

"Look here, John, you see this silver dollar I hold in my hand? Well, he designed it. He is the most outstanding American artist today and has

Odd Number Club



an international reputation. You see the lady's face on the dollar? That's the image of Pauline Chastain. She posed for that and isn't it reason enough why he's worth millions, eh, son?"

"Yes, Pop, but there's a bull on the back of the dollar."

"My boy, I posed for that."

"Gee, dad, that class must have been some humdinger."

"You're right, it was. You heard me speak to your mother about this man Thiem, who had just returned from Russia. Ten years ago when he and I went to school together Russia was nothing but a sore spot to the whole world. Political and social life was all corrupted and dragging the nation to utter ruin. Today Russia is calm, peaceful and industrious. Why? Because Charles Thiem went over there and showed those people how to run things. He did it all through the power of the press, too. Right now he owns three of the most influential newspapers in New England besides scores of dailies throughout the country."

"Take the Rev. Harold Sherman. He was one of my schoolmates, too. Look at him today. Probably the most outstanding minister in Indiana. I remember the time when he was president of the Manual Hi-Y Club and led at the worship periods. Not one of us thought then that he would ever become a preacher. But he did and he certainly is in demand."

"Did he marry you and maw, Pop?"

"Silence, if you want to hear some more. You have heard about Wanda Lyday, author of Every senior. She is a short story writer whose stories are read by the most cultured people. At any reliable bookstore you can purchase a volume of her stories. Just last evening I was looking over sister's reading list and saw a volume of her books listed there. Take my advice, John, and read some of her stories."

"I have, Pop, but her lovers don't talk half as nutty as the fellow who calls on Sis." (Nuff sed).

Class Prophecy

Continued from page 5

that a familiar name glared at me from a big bill board. It was that of Edward Stultz, advertising his new chewing gum, guaranteed to keep its flavor and to make the thin, fat. As proof he showed pictures of Scott Dill and Bertram Barker, examples of "Before" and "After" chewing one stick. On an old comic paper flying around the street I saw that Louise Altum and Harold Sherman had entered the paper as the successors to Jiggs and his wife. The scene vanished and I found myself gazing into a room in the court house. Homer Phillips was the Judge and he was busy settling the case of Oscar Vogt and Maude Walther. The quarrel had started by Oscar attempting to kill a sparrow with a biscuit made by Maude. Harry Lehner was the attorney for the defense, while Norma Ernsting and Lucille Dickman were court reporters. They were busy powdering their noses as of old, but I heard snatches of their conversation. They were speculating on how Charles Hagemier would spend the money he had made by painting William Kellermeyer's artistic laugh so that one could hear it, and Norma whispered that Leonard Kord was almost through painting the girls' class books and would soon take up the profession of painting and designing spit curls. "And Norma," said Lucille, "Jean Gregg is going to marry Harry Biersdorfer in the near future, as Harry used to say, 'Evenutally, why not soon?'" They giggled a while and then this scene, too, faded away. And then I saw distinctly a section of South Illinois street. Elmer Elder, the organ grinder, was parading up and down with Russell Stotts, the dancer and originator of the popular song hit, "Crazy Capers of Cora the Cat." They were wishing that they had enough money to go and see Mildred Whitted, Gabrella Segal and Charles Thiem, the chief attractions of (Earl) Schultz's Follies of January, 1922. Russell stated that Bernice Mathews was writing an historical romance, with Ernest Thomas as the hero and Hermon Rindley the villian, and that it was the talk of the town. Then they crossed the street and bought some beans from the stand of Harold Wilkens and Lewis Wides, who advertised pure Manual beans, guaranteed not to rust. There they met Lillian Unger, who had become so proficient in shorthand that she could write over 300 word a minute so long as she didn't have to read it. Lillian said that Ursul Percy was a contributor to "The Teaching of Jazz to Pet Canaries," edited by Miss Helen Auerbach. They were all surprised to see Helen Kirkpatrick come hurrying down the street on her way to (Paul) Ebaugh and (Harry) Rail's Circus. She stopped long enough to inform them that Ethel Buchanan had bobbed her hair and that Esther Dobrovitz had run off with a Chinaman named Soupa Bean.

Again the scene changed and I was looking into a large tent where Josephine Stone was lecturing on "Where the Noise Goes When Arthur Mills Laughs." In the audience, I saw Wanda Haverkamp, who had written a book on "The Ideal Man" and had not found anyone as yet who would meet her requirements. Also, I saw Ella Neal, a noted suffragette, and Dorothy Collier, now a Physiography teacher, who was whispering to Lewis Levi that Essie Long had married the one whose picture she carried in all her books and that they were living on an island in the Red Sea where Essie spent all the time in looking at her Class Book and making jewelry for her husband. As I continued to gaze the picture faded away and left me wondering whether I had really seen it all, or, if it had not been a dream.





Athletic Review

So far this season, there is only one sport that we can go into details and talk about. That is football. Basketball has just begun, so there is very little to say in regard to it. Track also is far away, but it will not hurt to mention the prospects for another winning team that we expect to have.

Football at Manual has always been a sport that created plenty of enthusiasm. This year we had a team that was well worth the honor of representing our school. This team came through the season with only two defeats counted against it. One of them being by the Clinton team and the other by the Manual Training School eleven of Louisville, Ky. This latter game was probably the best ever played by the squad this season. The team knew that they were not only meeting one of the best high school teams in Kentucky, but also one superior in weight and football science. All through the game our team fought like tigers and more than once they put a scare into the Kentuckian eleven that will long be remembered by them.

The points scored by our team this year were far more numerous than the ones scored by our opponents. We scored 193 points to our opponents 59.

Next year we should have just as good a team or perhaps even better than the one we had this year, as there will be about six men on the regular team back again. Then with the promising material that is on the second and third teams the possibility presents itself even better.

Manual always has a good basketball team running in the field. But this year on account of the late football season our team jumped off with a slow start, but development and team work is sure to come before very long.

Our Athletes

Harry Beirsdorfer, our notable president, is an athlete of many types. He was a member of the track and basketball teams of last year. This year he went out for football and though it was only his first time for this sport he made a very creditable showing. Just now he is playing basketball with the state team and when this is over you will probably find him again on the track team.

Several of the students of the school think that our team is not putting up a good showing. But if they only stopped to consider that we have only a couple of men from last year's squad left in order to build a team this year, and if they realize that most of the basketball teams throughout the state were playing basketball while we were playing football they would become a booster of the team instead of a knocker. Again if the records of the games we played so far this year were compiled, the records would show that we have scored about as many points as our opponents.

There is one sport at Manual that makes us proud when we think about it. That is track. Track has always been a success at our school. In five years' time we have been state champs three times. This is a record and an honor to be envied by any school in the country (and it is doubtful whether any school in the country can come up to this record).

We owe a certain amount of this honor to Coach Morrison for he has been a great help to the track team for the last five years and it was under his direction that we won the state championship for these three years.

Our Athletes

Continued from Page 13

Ralph York distinguished himself as being one of our athletes in the football season of last year. Ralph played on the line and he was always a puzzling man to his opponents both on the offense and the defense. This year on account of a little ineligibility Ralph was lost to us, but perhaps he will make up this loss when he goes to college because he is a valuable man for any college to get a hold of for their football team.

Elmer Elder is both a football and track man. In football he played the position of end. Although it was his first year at the sport Elmer seemed able to hold down this position like a veteran despite his miniature size. On the track team last year he was a high jumper. But it being only his first year at this sport he did not gain much notoriety. This year no doubt will find him much better in this line of athletics and he may surprise us all by doing something extraordinary.

Mathew Giesler, more commonly called "Matty," is another well known athlete of our class; in fact, throughout the school. "Matty" was a member of our football team a year ago. He also played basketball for two years on the state squad. This year he is ineligible so that is the reason you do not find him knocking them around this year.

One of the best athletes that the January class is taking away with it is Harry Rail. He was a member of the football squad and is now playing on the basketball team. Although small he has made good and it is too bad that the class must take him away so soon.

Again we turn to track. This time it is Homer Phillips. Homer is one of two men who ran the mile on our track team and he could always be depended upon to figure in the points after each meet.

Harold Huff was a member of the track team two years ago. He turned several points in for Manual by showing up well in the dashes. Since then he has been ineligible, but he would have gone good last year if he had been eligible.

Last year Elmer Rohrman played both on the basketball and football squads. In football he did remarkably well for being only a one-year man. This same situation applies to basket ball as last year was Elmer's first and last time for representing Manual on the court. This year he is on the ineligibility list which means only another loss to our athletics.

Arthur Mills is small, but mighty when it comes to track. Last year Arthur was high point man in the futurity track meet given by the Roines. It was his first year, but the way he ran those hurdles in the meet indicated that Manual would have a star now if he had gone out when a freshman. We may hear again from him in the track meets that we have this year.

Besides this group of athletes there are also in our class several members who never have tried very much to show their wares in athletics.

Among these are Russell Stotts, who played on the football team last year for a few games, William Kellermeyer, who plays on our second basketball team this year, and Raymond Cassady, who played on the third team in football. Chester Lively also belongs to this class, as he was a member of the second basketball team of last year.

Why is your nose in the middle of your face?

Don't know. Why?

Because it's the scenter.

I am no good unless I strike, said the match.

And you lose your head every time you do, said the matchbox.

Chuckles From Others

A young man speaking in public for the first time began in this fashion:

Ladies and g-g-gentlemen: When I came here tonight only t-t-two persons knew my sp-p-peech, my f-f-father and m-m-myself. N-n-now only f-f-father knows it.

Miss Butterfly—Isn't it sad that in a few hours I shall die?

Mr. Bullfrog—Yes, indeed it is, but then before night I expect to croak myself.

First Ditto—I've got such a cold in my head.

Second Ditto—Well, that's better than nothing.

Lost—Checkbook by lady that folds in the middle.

For Sale or Exchange—A good fountain pen by a freshman without a top.

Miss Brady—When you are writing a summary remember that your reader is as ignorant as you are.

Well good night. Don't be afraid to walk across the front of the stage.

Postal Clerk—Your letter just balances, sir. If it had weighed any more you would have to put on another stamp.

Mr. Blank—I'm glad I didn't sign my middle name.

Has anyone seen Al?

Al who?

Alcohol. Kerosene him last night, but he hasn't benzine since; at least he hasn't been around here since gasolined against a post and took a naptha.

He's a corker.

Who is?

Why that fellow at the bottle factory.

Judge—Guilty or not guilty?

Prisoner—That's what you've got to find out.

Oh, to be a Senior.

And with the Seniors stand!—I'd grab that ole' diploma

And run to beat the band.

The latest invention for the comfort and convenience of the pupils of E. M. T. H. S. is the new stair-climbing bicycle, the invention of Mr. Weigler. See him in room H for prices and full details. Agents wanted.

I was motoring the other day and I came to a river, but couldn't find any way to get my machine across.

Well, what did you do?

Oh, I just sat down and thought it over.

Visitor—You haven't a skull of Napoleon here and yet you call this an up-to-date museum. Why each of the last three museums I visited had one.

Attendant (pointing out a small skull)—But you didn't see this one. This was Napoleon's when he was a boy.

You sound hoarse this morning. Shouldn't wonder. I sat in the "Z" row at the theater last night.

Pupil—I don't think I should get zero on this paper.

Teacher—Well, I don't either, but that's the lowest I could give you.

When is a newspaper like a delicate child?

If you know, tell me.

When it appears weekly.

Surveying a little?

No, suveying a lot.

Why was Joseph one of the straightest men?

Why?

Because Pharoah made a ruler of him.

Chuckles Prolonged

Jeweler—This clock will last you a long time.

Customer—How can it when its hours are numbered?

“The next one in this room that speaks will be put out,” exclaimed the angry judge.

“Hip, hip, hooray!” shouted the prisoner as he ran for the door.

My father is a fine artist. With a few strokes he can turn a laughing face into a sorrowful one.

So can mine, but he uses a stick.

Stage attendant (to manager of traveling show) Shall I lower the curtain, sir? One of the living statues has got the hiccoughs.

Who invented electricity?

Edison.

No, it was Noah.

How is that?

When he put the animals out didn't he make the ark light?

You mustn't depend on street clocks for the correct time. Why?

Because they're two-faced.

Don't you think Jeff is a nice looking little mutt?

Teacher—Tell me something about Athens.

Boy—Athens is like the wick of a candle, because it is surrounded by Greece.

He is a clever pianist, for he plays everything by ear.

That explains it, then. I never believed he could make those sounds with his fingers.

How is it that your hair is so short, did you have it cut?

No, I washed my head last night and my hair shrunk.

Just saw a man with his arms off at the shoulder cutting wood.

How did he do it?

He held the handle in his mouth and turned somersaults.

No doubt you think I am older than I really am.

Not at all. I'm sure you are not as old as you look.

What is a hypocrite?

It's a boy what comes to school with a smile on his face.

What are you going to run—the mile or the two mile?

I don't know. I can tell better at the end of the mile.

Laundry Adv.—Don't kill your wife. Let us do the work.

What does night do when it falls?

Couldn't say.

Keeps it dark.

Did you get all the questions in the tests?

Oh yes, but it was the answers that bothered me.

Before Australia was discovered what was the largest island in the world?

Australia, of course.

HOW TO SUCCEED

What is the secret of success asked the Sphinx.

Push, said the button.

Never be led, said the pencil.

Be up-to-date, said the calendar.

Always keep cool, said the ice.

Never lose your head, said the barrel.

Do a driving business, said the hammer.

Make light of everything, said the fire.

Make much of small things, said the microscope.

Intermission

(JUNE TO SEPTEMBER)

September 6th—The secret is out about Miss Gawne. I came to school this morning rather late and I went into Room 30 and Miss Gawne wasn't there. Several voices—all at once whispered out—Miss Gawne is married. Of course, that is the secret I knew about last term. It traveled like fire when it once got into the hands of the gossiping girls of our class.

October 3rd—We had our first meeting of this term today and we reorganized the class and elected the same officers as last term, with the exception of Harold Huff, who had the misfortune of getting a D. Harold Sherman was elected to guard our millions—some guard, eh?

October 11th—We had another senior meeting today, to discuss Ivy Day plans.

October 18th—Today at our class meeting the chairman of each committee reported what they were doing. It seems as if the committees are doing their part.

October 25th—We chose our banner design today. It was made by our honored artist, Charles Hagemier, who also designed our class pin, ring and arm band. We also selected our class motto, "Be wise and rise," which was submitted by Bernice Miller.

November 1st—Well, being as today is Tuesday, we had a class meeting and it was just awfully important, too, because we chose our Ivy Day poem and our Ivy Day song. Ursul Pearcey happened to be the lucky one to write our class poem. It was some poem, too. Lucille Dichman composed our Ivy Day song, which made a hit. It was written to the tune of "Just Like a Rainbow." One of the best times of the year will be next Wednesday, on Ivy Day. Nothing else of special interest happened today.

November 3rd—We had a class meeting again today and Mr. Davenport tried to teach us our Ivy Day song.

November 4th—Everybody was happy because school closed at 11:30 in order that we might get to see Marshal Foch.

November 5th—Our team played Clinton today, but Clinton got the long end of the score, their team making 21 points and Manual none, but still it was some game. Our boys put up a splendid fight, but one could hardly expect them to win from Clinton, a team that has not as yet suffered a defeat this term.

November 7th—Another meeting and oh, so important. The class, all knowing Wanda Lyday's wonderful ability to foresee, chose her as our class prophet.

November 8th—At last Ivy Day came and what a time we had. First, we had our exercises in the Auditorium and then we went down in the Gym and danced. Among the celebrated wall-flowers were Scott Dill and Dorothy Collier, William Kellermeyer and Lucille Dichman.

November 15th—We had an awful time choosing our class photographer. Finally Bretzman was chosen to do the flattering. I don't see how Elmer Rohrman could be flattered much more. Oh, that marcel wave.

November 25th—Now comes the class play try-outs. We are all interested in the class play—especially Ralph York, after the compliment Mr Moffat gave him about his dramatic ability.

December 1st—Today we elected Homer Phillips to dispose of our many and valuable possessions, such as Matty Geisler, Harry Rail and Elmer Elder's athletic ability, Earl Schultz's vocabulary, Morris Bower's appearance, Frances Schatz's and Loretta Helmut's ability to get A-plus's, Helen Glynn's and Maude Walther's loud laughter and disturbance in Room 30, Herman Rundberg's fond amusement of reading the newspaper at roll call. Helen Aurbach's personality, Louis Wide's ability to collect information, Jeanne Wilson's beauty and Essie Long's skill to make posters, as was demonstrated by those which were made to advertise the class play, and last but not least, Cornelia McKay's noteworthy position of checker in the south basement. Oh, yes, we made another election today. We elected Chester Lively class gifterian; he should have been the class jester.

December 6th—We didn't do much of anything today, but we did find out that the Roines boys are planning to give us a party.

December 13th—Mary had to take charge of the meeting again today. The main thing that happened was that Mr. Barnhardt asked the president to appoint a class day committee, but I guess that was enough, being as Mr. Barnhardt blushed so.

December 16th—The Roines party is tonight and I am so excited I can't write anything now.

December 17th—The party was wonderful. It was held in the Gym at night, mind you, at night, and they served punch. Herbert Alley and William Quill hung around the punch bowl an awful lot. I don't know whether it was because so many girls were around there or whether they especially liked punch. I found out something new last night. From now on, Irvin Baumbach will please be known as Paul Ebaugh's better half, and Scott Dill will please be called Mr. Nothing. I wonder why Harry Schriete did not attend the party last night.

January 3rd, 1922—Class meeting again. We found out today that the first performance of the class play would be given on Wednesday night, January 18th.

January 21st—I have been so busy lately trying to sell tickets for the class play that I forgot to write anything. The class plays are over now and with great success, too. Three plays were given, the first one a comedy of childhood, in which Pauline Chastain displayed her wonderful portrayal of the part of a little girl, and Irvin Baumbach, her brother in the play, displays how he can quarrel. Irvin really doesn't quarrel when he gets mad, he just fights. The second play, "Rosalie," was dramatized by Harold Sherman as Monsieur Bol, and Louise Altum as Madame Bol and Elizabeth Tynan as Rosalie, the maid. The third play, "Neighbors," was enacted by Mary Johnson as grandma, Austin Gillespie as Peter, the hero in the play; Jean Gregg as Inez, the heroine; Harry Martin as Ezra, Lucille Roesener as Miss Trott, Helen Murphy as Miss Moran, and Bernice Matthews as Miss Abel.

January 24th—Class day was today and, of course, we had a wonderful time, Auditorium exercises, dancing, eating and after-effects.

January 25th—This is the last day of school. I appreciate and am sure the class does also, the help and guidance which Miss Knox, Mr. Barnhardt, Mr. Weigler, Mr. Clunie, Miss Perkins, Miss Williams, Miss Ernst, Miss West, Mr. Davenport, Mr. Holloway, faculty and principal gave us during our senior year.

Ivy Day Poem

Happiness is ours today, to laugh, to sing, to cheer,
To brighten every heart and soul, to drive away all fear,
For this is the day when joy is supreme, the happiest day of the year,
For this, Oh this is Ivy Day.

On this day we plant a root of Ivy 'neath the ground
We'll watch it grow forever, and we'll keep it's memory sound,
And friends who see it among the rest will know what joy was found
On this, Oh this bright Ivy Day.

We will all be wise and rise, as does the shining sun;
We'll climb, as this sprig of Ivy climbs, till our highest point is won,
Always reaching upward, never tiring till we're done
And this, Oh this is Ivy Day.

—Ursul Pearcy.